

The History of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most unfavory smiles, and art indeede the most comparative rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the streete too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must give over this life; and I will give it over. By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: I'le be damned for never a Kings son in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, I'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Parle-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poyntes.

Poy. Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match: O, if a man were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy soule; that thou soldst him on good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* stands to his word, the Divell shall have his bargain, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

Poy.

Hen.

Poyntes. Then art thou da the devill.

Prince. Else he had been

Poy. But my lads, my la clock early at *Gads-hill*, th bury with rich offerings, a fatpurses. I have vizards f selves: *Gads-hill* lies to nig per to morrow night in *Ea sleep*: if you will go, I wi if you will not, tarry at ho

Fals. Hear ye, *Yedwar hang you for going.*

Poy. You will, chops

Fals. *Hall*, wilt thou n

Prin. Who, I rob? I a th

Fal. Ther's neither home in thee; nor thou camest no not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well, then once i

Fals. Why; thats well f

Prin. Well, come wha

Fals. By the Lord Ile be

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee l lay him down such reasons

Fals. Wel, God give thee eares of profiting, that wha he hears may be beleaved, t fake) prove a fals thief; fo countenance: farewell, you

Pri. Farewell the latter sp

Poy. Now my good swe row. I have a jest to exec

Falstaffe, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and we have already way-laid

and when they have the bo cut this head from my thou